

The Snowflake Speaks by Rosy_el

Series: [The Sunshine Boy and the Snowflake Girl \[5\]](#)

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Relationships: Eleven & Mike Wheeler

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Summary:

“Mike?” The radio spat out the single syllable, clear as day.

The Snowflake Speaks

Author's Note:

This hurts my heart.

July, 1984

Car lights sliced through the blinds of the window. The basement was still and empty in exception to the boy who sat crouched underneath a fort he had ripped to pieces and rebuilt at least a hundred times in the past seven months. Mike listened to the rain as it beat down on the pavement outside and slapped at the glass on the windows.

His super-com cut in and out with the echo of thunder, Lucas' words broken up by the sound of a crackling reception. Mike muttered at the white noise distastefully; "Stupid radio. Stupid storm."

The hissing of the radio stopped and Lucas' voice came through, fuzzy, but still there. "Man, then Dustin—what a moron—he," Lucas' laugh sounded prickly over the receiver. "He—," Every light in the basement cut out and the radio fell silent.

"What the..." Mike peered up at the blackened lightbulb on the ceiling, the one that hung directly above the boys' campaign table. Must be this dumb storm. He tossed his com to the side in defeat, hoisting himself up and walking toward the staircase that led to main level of the Wheeler house.

He didn't even make it to the first step.

"Mike?" The radio spat out the single syllable, clear as day.

His head jerked around and he stared at the radio lying precariously on the floor. He should've known right away.

"Mike?" the radio murmured. "I miss you." The voice was gentle and unmasked by crackle or fuzz. A perfect signal. Mike ran to the radio and fell on his knees, snatching the thing up in his shaking hands.

"Eleven? Is that you? I'm here, El, I'm here!" His breathing was

hurried and labored. “I miss you too, El!” A shudder ran from his head to the base of his spine. “Gosh—I miss you so much,” Mike’s voice caught in his throat and his vision blurred. “Where are you?” He asked desperately.

The lights in the basement shot on again, but far brighter than they ever had been before. “Woah!” Mike gasped, falling on his back as his other hand flew up to cover his eyes. The light surged sharply.

“It’s so cold,” He could hear her shallow breaths and her voice trembled. “Kiss me again, Mike,” she whispered, almost too softly to hear.

A tear fell down Mike’s cheek.

His hand fell from his eyes as every lampshade and lightbulb in the basement turned a fatal red. Then, with a crack of thunder, every bulb burst, shattering all over the carpet and plunging the basement into total darkness once more.

“I was like, ‘Man, you can’t say that to the freaking lunch lady, you dip!’” Eleven’s voice was replaced by the fuzzy version of Lucas’. Mike let go of the button on the com and Lucas laughed as Mike let out a strangled sob.

“Mike? You there? Over.”

Mike kicked shards of glass across the floor.

“Mike?”

He hid his face in his hands and laid down under El’s fort, knees pressed tight to his chest.

“Hello?”

Mike cried himself to sleep wrapped in a blanket she had used, the smell of her—soft but sterile—long gone.